

The Contraption

by Writey Starkid

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Summary: Otto's latest invention ends up getting him hurt, and Nero is not pleased. THIS IS NOT A ROMANCE. Originally posted on the HIVE forums. One-Shot. Enjoy!

The Contraption

Hey guys! This story was originally posted on the HIVE forums, where my name is RL (RavenLunatic, really, but RL is so much easier).
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As I said, this is not a romance. I just want to make that clear, kay?
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I do not write HIVE, Mark Walden writes HIVE, and a very nice job he does with it too.
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Have a nice day! Here's a Ms. Leon plushie for you. :)
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** The Contraption**

"Laura, shut up, it's going to work," Otto Malpense said, affixing the propeller to the battery. "I've gone over this plan a hundred times. Trust me, it'll work."

>His Scottish friend sighed and shook her head. "Fine. If you kill yourself, I'll be watching Water Polo." She left the accommodation block with her red hair flashing behind her.
Otto grinned. "What does she know? Now, let's light this candle..." He twisted two wires together. The contraption in front of him rose up into the air, propeller spinning madly. Otto let out a whoop of joy. "Yes! Now I won't have to carry my own books to class!" Laura's voice flashed through his head: _That is __**the**__ stupidest reason to build a floating robot._ "Whatever," he muttered, and grabbed one of his textbooks, plopping it down on the tray and retrieving the remote control from his pocket. He pushed the joystick forward, giving an

evil chuckle for effect.

>The contraption jerked forward several feet, then stopped. "Oh come on," Otto muttered, pushing the joystick back and forth to no avail. "Move, you stupid thing!"
The contraption suddenly began a crazed flight around the accommodation block, generating yells from the other students. Otto tried to fly it back toward him, and it complied, at a terrifying speed. The last thing Otto saw was the dislodged textbook flying towards his head, and behind that, the whirring propeller...

Otto opened his eyes with a groan. His entire head was aching, and his face stung with scratches. A nurse bustled over. "Mr. Malpense, how are you feeling?"

>Otto tried to push himself into a sitting position, but was deterred by the glare of the nurse. Settling back into the pillow, he answered, "Painful."
The nurse tsked and handed him a jar of salve. "Put this on your scratches and stay in bed. Maybe next time you'll be smart enough not to run yourself over with a flying machine." She disappeared into the adjacent room.

>"It's a contraption," Otto muttered, unscrewing the jar of salve and doing his best to smear it on his cuts.
The door slid open just as he finished. Dr. Nero walked into the room and stopped at the foot of Otto's bed, his eyes flashing.

>"Mr. Malpense," he said in a dangerously calm voice, "Do you have any idea how disastrous that could have been?"
"Ye-"

>"No you don't." Nero cut him off. "That textbook slammed into your head at nearly five miles per hour. You are lucky to have your skull."
Otto reached up to feel the bandages on his head. No wonder_ it hurt.

>"Look at me," said Nero angrily. Otto complied. "Miss Brand informed me of the purpose of this machine. It is perhaps one of the most selfish ideas I have yet heard of in this school."
"Isn't the point of evil to be selfish?" Otto said.

>"It is not the point!" Nero yelled. "The point of evil is to prove your power to the world, and you cannot do that when you are lying unconscious in a hospital bed! Mr. Malpense, you will carry all of your books to _every_ class until I tell you to cease." He turned and strode to the door, pausing on the threshold.

>"Otto."
"Yes, sir?"

>"Scare me like that again and you will have detention for a month." And he was gone.<p>

End
file.